

The honour of the Gentle-Craft

expressed in three stories: The first of
Hugh and fair Winifred. The second of *Crispian*
and *Crispiannus*. The third of *Sir Symon Byre*, who
all professed the Gentle-craft, and were
Shoo-makers.

Newly written.

With pleasant new songs to be sung on *Crispianus* night



+ C. 116 a 69

The honour of the Gentle-Craft

Expressed in three stories: The first of
Hugh and fair winifred. The second of *Crispin*
and *Crispiannus*. The third of *Sir Symon Eyre*, who
all professed the Gentle-craft, and were
Shoo-makers.

Newly written.

With pleasant new songs to be sung on *Crispianus* night



Printed by A. Clark for T. P. Senger on London Bridge, 1674

Of Saint *Winifreds* Well.

F Air *winifred* a Virgin was,
Who from the Brittain came,
Being Daughter to *Danwallo*, who
In *Flint-shire* then did raigne.

All offers she of love refus'd,
And to her prayers did return;
And like a taper of Virgins wax,
With holy flames did burn.

And as she liv'd, so did she dye.
As fame, report, doth tell.
By that same spring which yet is cal'd,
Saint *winifreds* fair Well.

Which of her holy virgin life,
Doth still these tokens show:
The spring is clear, the Mousse is sweet
That round about doth grow.



Chap.

Chap. 1.

Of Sir *Hughes* lover to *Winifred* ;
Who suffered death like lovers true :
The reason of the Gentle-Craft,
And S. *Hughes* bones you here may view.

When Cupid with his golden bow
Had shot Sir Hugh unto the heart,
Then he a lovers griefe did know,
For wounds of love doe inward smart ;
But that which did increase his pain,
Was fair *Winifreds* disdain.

For often times he sought her love,
And by fairest meanes assaid,
If that her fancy he might move,
Who was resolv'd to like a maid,
To gain her love Sir Hugh did try,
But *Winifred* did still deny.

Who having but some years before,
Recemb'd the Christian faith of late :
Her former finnes she did deplore,
Forgetting all her fathers state.
And to her beades and prayers fell,
Lying by a Springing well.

The Honour of

Which when once Hugh did hear,
Unto the well he did repair,
And found his Winifred sitting there
Like an angel bright and fair :
Whom with these words he did salute,
And thus began to urge his suite.

All health to fairest Winifred,
Have pity on me dearest love,
Restore my joyes which now are fled :
And of my service now approve,
Let me not dye thus unregarded,
Love with love should be rewarded.

But Winifred with angry look,
From chiding him could scarce refrain,
And having in her hand a book,
She mildly thus reply'd again :
Sir Hugh, leaue off to seek my love,
Which I have plac'd on things aboue,

And take this answer once for all
With this sir Hugh to weep began,
And like a lying funeral,
He went from thence both pale and wan,
And being full of grief and woe,
Unto the Sea resolves to go.



And

The Gentle-Crafter.

And quickly he arriv'd in France,
Where travailing on to Italy,
Fair Ladies did begin to glance
Upon sir Hugh with wanton eye.
But yet he thought their Beauty rare,
Could not with Winifred compare.

And when to Venice once he came,
The Curtezans much love did shew,
To raise in him an amorous flame,
But they in vain the fire did blow :
For sitting like a male-content,
On Winifred his thoughts he bent.

For could they win him by their art,
Which onely brought into his mind,
The love of her to whom his heart,
Like to a prisoner was confin'd,
For still those flames did freshly burn,
Which made him back again return.

And being now for England bound,
The Ship did sail with gentle winds,
Till by and by they quickly found,
That raging Neptune was inclin'd
To cast the Ship and all away :
Which made sir Hugh devoutly pray :

The honour of

And at the last his prayers were heard,
For now the day began to clear:
And Englands chaulky shore appeared,
So that the Ship did anchor there,
And here Sir Hugh did come to shore,
At Harwich here to wake and poore.

For all his money being gone,
You may suppose his heart was sad:
And to himself he made great moane
Until he met a merry lad:
Who was a Shoe-maker by trade,
Who bid him not to be dismayed.

With him Sir Hugh had soone agreed.
Into the Country for to goe,
That he might supply his need,
For he was loath himself to shew,
Or in his tattered cloaths appeare,
Unto his Winifred so deare.

Who now in Prison did remaine.
For Dioclesian in those daies,
Did like a cruell tyrant raigne,
And sought by diuers bloody wayes,
The Christian faith how to suppress:
Which faire Winifred did professe.

Which

The Gentle-Craft.

Which when once sir Hugh did heare,
That with a shoe-maker then brought
He tooke his wages for that year,
And therewithal new cloathes he bought:
And so to Flint-shire back he went,
Where Winifred was resident.

Where being come he heard by fame,
How Winifred imprisoned was:
And cause he did extoll by name,
Her Virgin faith which did surpasse:
Sir Hugh with this beautionous Maid,
In a Prison strong was laid.

And condemned was to dye,
With Winifred to suffer death.
Who both did shew much constancy,
Meaning to resign their breath,
Like loving Martyrs, that their love,
Might be crowned in heaben above

And while these faithful Lovers lay,
In the Prison both together:
The Shoe-makers came every day,
And in kindness did present,
Peelding them so grear reliefe,
As did much assuage their grieve.

The honour of

The Shoo-makers most faithfully,
Did come unto him in distress,
And while he did in prison lye,
Much kindness to him did profess.
Thus the Shoo-makers were true
And faithful euer to Sir Hugh.

Who their kindness to requite,
Gentlemen did name them all,
And their trade, to do them right,
The Gentle-Craft he then did call,
And in this song before his end,
The Shoo-makers he did commend.

THe Shoo-makers I needs
must praise,
Who ready were at
all assayes,
To help me at my want and need,
Such friends are true friends indeed.

For when I was most
cast down,
And fortune seem'd on me
to frown.
The Gentle-craft I took in hand,
And thereby I my living gain'd.

Our

The Gentle-Craft.

Our shooes we sowed, and
merry were,
Our Land lords rent we did
not fear.

And now to raise the Shoo-makers fame,
The Gentle-Craft I will it name.

And this same title they keep still,
Which unto them sir Hugh then gave,
And ever more continue will:
For in their mind they did engrave
The memory of good sir Hugh:
Who to the trade much love did shew.

But now the dismal day was come,
That Winifred and sir Hugh must dye:
Who like the Lambs receiv'd their doom.
The Tyrants thirst to satisfy,
And so unto that spring they came,
Which retaineth still her name:

There a Scaffold raised was,
On which these prisoners mounted were:
She in beauty did surpass,
He with a countenance most clear,
So thine could their hearts dismay:
It seem'd to them a marriage day.

Kindly

The honour of

Kindly then they did embrace,
Being full of chaste desires,
Fear could neber them deface,
While their love to heaben aspires,
And having so with earth made even,
They kist in hopes to meet in heaben.

Then Winifred her love to shoke,
Desired that she first might dye :
And did desire her freind sir Hugh,
To learn of her true constancy,
And learne how to resign his breath,
Who like a Lamb there bled to death.

Tyrant, saith she, I sacrifice
My blood to wash away my sins,
And I see even with these eyes,
When life doth end then joy begins ;
Saith that she began to faint,
And as she li'd dy'd like a Saint,

And all the while that she did bleed,
Her blood in basons they did keep :
And with it poyson with all speed,
Was mixt to bring eternal sleep,
Unto sir Hugh who there did dye,
Like to a Martyr constantly.

And

The Gentle-Craft,

And greedily he drank a cup
Of Winifreds sweete crimson blood :
And then another he drank up,
Untill he reeld whereas he stood :
For now the popson did enflame,
And cruelly burn in each baine.

Thou cruel tyrant, then sayes he,
Lo Winifred I sacrifice
My life by thy soul cruelty :
And with those words he forthwith dies,
And now they are called being dead,
Saint Hugh and Saint Winifred,

But Saint Hughes body did remain,
Hanging up eben in that place,
Which the Shoo-makers did claime.
And finding him in so bare a case,
The Shoo-makers without delay,
Did steale Saint Hughes bones away.

And all of them to shew their lebe,
They and Saint Hugh while he did live,
His bones from thence they did remove
Which he to them before did gibe :
And their toles they for his sake,
Of Saint Hughes bones did make.

And

The honour of

And now when they do go abroad,
Into the Countrey to and fro,
They trabel with a litte load,
For S. Hughes bones must with them go,
And if you would their numbers know,
Read these verses here below.

(block
A drawer, a dresser, two Wedges, and a heel-
Squar'd like a Dye, whereon we may knock,
A hand-leather, & thumb-leather, to pull out
shoo-thred ;
Of needle and thimble we must too be sped,
The pincers, the pricking aule, and rubbing
(stone,
The aule, steele, and tackes, and sow-haires
(well grovvn,
The Whetstone, stopping stick, and paring
Do all belong to a Journey mans life, (knife
And in our apron, made of Lambs leather,
We shrowd S. Hughes bones from all vweather.

Now he a forfeiture doth pay,
That cannot reckon his tooles in rime :
Sir Hughes bones unto this day,
The Shoo-makers do still engraine
In their aprons thereby to shew
Their faithfull love unto sir Hugh.

Chap.

Chap. 2.

How the Emperours daughter Ursula,
with Crispine fell in love,
And were married by a Fryer:
and how the Emperour at last
Did of her choyce approve :
and granted their desire
And how the Shoo-makers with delight,
do sing on *Chryspianus* night.

When Maximinus ruled here,
Then Crispine and his brother
Young Crispianus counsel'd were
By their most tender mother,
To trabel forth into the Land,
That they might scape the Tyrants hand,
So being from their Mother gone,
The two young Princes went together,
Like two pretty Lambs alone,
Straying on they knew not whetbet :
Until at last by chance they came,
Unto a Town cal'd Feverham.

But as they trabel'd on the way,
Being now come unto the Town :
Some Shoemakers by peepe of day
Unto their woꝝk were now set down,
Who merrily did sit and sing,
As their woꝝk they did begin.

Then

The honour of

These brothers knocked at the doore,
And for a service they did ask :
Telling them they were true but poore
For povertie is like a mask.
Which did their princely beauty hide,
Or else they would have been discorde.

The Shoemaker both and his wife,
Did like the pretty boyes right well ;
And ask'd them of their former life,
While they a fained tale did tell :
But at the last short work to make,
They for their servants did them take.

Thus they unto their work did frame,
And pleased their Master so,
That he these brothers did maintaine,
That they no want did know.
Who in a little time did learn,
The trade, and did their living earne.

And now their masters fame was spread,
His Shoes was sent for farre and neere :
And 't was reported that he bred
His Journey-men with love and feare :
So that he did often use,
Unto the Court to send his Shoes.

The Gentle-Craft.

It hapened that young Crispine came,
To bring some shoes unto the Court :
Where the Emperors daughter soon became
In love with him in earnest sort ;
For Cupid with a powerful shaft,
Did mean to grace the Gentle-craft.

And having wounded thus her best,
Fair Ursula did now begin,
To be with pangs of love oppress :
But yet she knew not how to winne
Crispine to her hearts desire,
Who durst not to her Love aspire.

Yet love did make her now grow bold,
And when he came with shoes again
Her love to him she did unfold :
Which quickly did his heart enflame,
Yet at the first he was amaz'd,
While he on her beauty gaz'd.

But yet at last he thus repl'd,
Madam, since you are inclin'd,
To make your self poor Crispines bride
I shall be glad to please your minde ;
And here my faith to you I bow :
If my service you allow.

This

The honour of

This being said they both agreed,
That they should meet within the parke,
Where a blind Fryer with all speed,
Should marry them in the darke
The Fryer this knot had quickly tied,
Thus Ursula was Crispines bride.

And so the Fryer they did dismiss
And royally they did him pay :
That the poor Fryer he did wish
All joy unto their wedding day,
And that they might be a happy pair,
Free from sad annoy and care.

But now the place did them invite,
Being in the Park thus met,
For to tast of lobes delight :
And while they were together set,
Upon her Virgin way he seal'd
The band of Love, which time reveal'd.

But now these lovers parted were,
Fair Ursula was pleased well :
But Crispine comming home did hear
The Journey-men begin to tell :
How Crispianus was lately prest,
To be a souldier with the rest,

The Gentle-Craft.

Foz Maximinus hath sent to France,
An army of stout men and tall,
In war to try their doubtfull chance,
Against the Persian General,
Who meeting brabely in the field,
Both sides scozned much to yeeld,

Now Crispianus got much fame,
And when the Prince of Gaules did fight,
With brabe Iphicrates by name,
Who rescu'd him there in their fight,
And by his valour bore away,
All the glozy of the day,

Thus nine moneths he abroad did spend,
But when once that time expir'd,
Fair Ursula did to Crispine send,
To haue his counsel she required:
Foz now Ursula did feel
A Limpany with a double heel.

But Crispine with his dame did plot,
Entreating her foz secrecy:
And so at last a place they got,
Where she might deliber'd be,
And here the Lady was brought a bed,
Who from her Fathers anger fled,

The Honour of

And just unto the Chriftening day,
Come Crilpianus back again,
Who long in France had been away,
And there had gotten endleffe fame.
Thus ebery thing did hit out right,
To increase jop and delight.

After this same day was past,
Being spent in mirth and sport,
Crilpianus did make had,
With his letters to the Court,
Which when the Emperour did view,
With wonder he astonisht grew.

And Crilpianus he did commend,
Taking a jewel from his neck,
Which he only did intend,
That he himself therewith might deck :
Thus it was Crilpianus chance,
That the wars should him advance.

But this being past and done :
Petos was to the Emperour brought,
That his daughter was newly come,
For whom before they had so sought :
And gabe the Emperour to understand
That a Shoo-maker led her by the hand,

The

The Gentle-Craft.

The Emperour did them welcome make,
And welcom'd Crispine too by name
Bidding young Crispianus take
His daughter to aduance his fame.
But Ursula did the same deny,
And to her Father thus reply.

Crispine sayes he deserues my love,
Although a Shoemaker he seem,
Of him I alwayes will approve,
And not to marry him I mean.
Dear father look vpon this boy,
Which I do hope will prove your joy.

And so Crispines Dame did bring
Within her armes the pretty child,
And dandling it began to sing,
While that the Infant sweetly smil'd,
Yet though it lookt with cheerefull eyes,
The Emperour did the babe dispise.

But when that once he knew,
His Daughter was the Father's
And that Crispine then in birth
Was Crispianus brother,
The Emperour greatly did rejoyce,
And confirm'd his daughters choise.

The honour of

Then there was joy and triumph great,
And the stozz here doth say,
The Shoo-makers did leabe their seat,
And did make it holy-day,
And Poets did new masks indent,
For the Emperozs merriment.

And afterward still every year,
Upon that day at night,
The Shoo-makers do make great cheer,
With solace and delight,
This day doth light still in October
The Shoo-makers are then scarce sober.

The Shoo-makers song on *Crispianus* night.

You that the Gentle-craft profess,
unto my song give ear,
You shall the story of *Crispine*,
and *Crispianus* hear.

They were the sons unto a King,
of *Logria* by name,
Whom *Maximianus* put to death
and cruelly had slain.

The sons now fearing to partake,
of his sad tyranny,
Were by their Mother most disguis'd
who bid them for to flie.

Unto

The Gentle-Craft.

Unto a Shoemaker they came,
and entertained were :
Whereby the Gentle-craft
much graced did appear.

These Princes were of this same trade,
who both grevv up in fame :
For *Crispianus* went to the Wars,
and *Crispin* to Court came.

And so it happened *Ursula*,
the Emperours daughter fair,
Did fall in love with *Crispin* young,
which bred her grief and care.

For not long after *Ursula*
with child by him did prove,
Such are the fruits which always do
proceed from stolen love.

But he at length by help of friends,
the Emperours love did gain :
And *Crispianus* from the vvaits,
did back return with fame.

Then let us all be merry here,
vvith solace and delight :
And drink a health unto them both,
on *Crispianus* night.

The honour of

Chap. 3.

How Sir *Simon Eyre*,
a Shoo-maker by trade :
A feast for all the Prentices,
upon *Shrove-Tuesday* made.

Our English Chronicles do declare
A story worthy to be known
Of one by name Sir Simon Eyre,
Who in a short time full rich was grown,
His parentage mean, yet his name
Liveth still in lasting fame.

This man came young out of the North,
And here he was a Prentice bound,
Unto a Shoo-maker of good worth :
His Master no dislike yet found,
With his Prentice but all was well,
And afterwards it thus befell.

Simon with other Prentices more,
Upon a Sunday morning went,
As they had often done before,
To see some pudding-pyes was their intent.
But when the shot came once to pay,
Simon thus to them did say,

The Gentle-Craft.

My Masters and friends here all,
Of my empty purse take pittie;
And I do bowe if it so befall,
That I am Lord Mayor of this City,
If you my word will now but take,
A breakfast for you I will make.

The other Apprentices took his word,
And for that time they paid the God:
But afterward it was restor'd,
For he such wealth and treasure got,
That in short time this Simon Eyre,
Was made Sheriff, and after Mayor.

His promise then he kept in mind,
So that a breakfast he did make,
For all the Apprentices he could find,
Who kept it holiday for his sake.
And that his love might be express,
Upon Shrove Tuesday did them feast.

And afterward Sir Simon Eyre,
Did build up Leaden-Hall:
That Shoe-makers might so repair
Unto the Tanners stall.
Thus for Shoe-makers he did provide,
And afterwards in honour dy'd.

FINIS.